

In His World

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In His World

by [Exquisite_Explicity](#)

Summary

Norman and Dipper try out new VR sets that should help to fulfill the former's experimental kink. It works a little too well, and the two join the ranks of many boys who have become sluts for Mobian cock.

(An idea was suggested to me, and I took it to the absolute extreme. With certainty, it's the weirdest thing I've ever written.)

Notes

It felt like a bit of a fever dream writing this, but it had wriggled itself into my brain and wouldn't come out. Also, not all the tags could fit, so you might find a few surprise characters.

It may be messy, but I hope you guys enjoy in nonetheless.

It's crack and smut and some fluff with a whole lot of other stuff along the way!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Are you sure about this?”

Norman asked the question for the third time that evening as he watched his boyfriend untangle cords and connect wires through outlets of various shapes and sizes. The more the set-up came together, the more anxious he felt. And it showed, too - showed in the way he folded his legs inward and clung a pillow to his chest, one big enough for him to almost hide his face against.

Dipper barked out a laugh. “After all this prep? Absolutely.” Careful hands connecting the last two cords to a thick VR headset that the paranormal detective clumsily lifted off the ground. He scooted forward on his knees, closing the distance between him with his gaze still fumbling with the device. It was new to him, after all. And like with all new things, Norman watched Dipper’s eyes examine each and every little piece of the puzzle until he thought he understood it all correctly. It was endearing. A quirk Norman has come to love. And the innocent curiosity was a far cry from the alluring eyes that flicked up to meet Norman’s own once the blinking lights indicated that everything was ready. Instead of making his heart flutter, it made his breath hitch. “Especially now that I know one of my boyfriend’s secret kinks. How could I not want to see you go crazy?”

Norman shivered. Despite himself, a small giddy smile tugged at the corners of his lips. Out of the two of them, Dipper was certainly the kinkiest and more adventurous. It had come as a stark surprise initially. Bondage, degradation, petplay, lingerie, exhibitionism, body writing, spanking, cum play - Norman had never imagined that the geeky, socially challenged, and adorable boy could have been hiding such debased desires. (As though *he* could speak about *that*.) It wasn’t enough, of course, to scare Norman off. Never. Not after he had practically fallen apart with the effort to get the other boy to even *notice* him. Even now, the title of ‘boyfriend’ made his heart swell in ways he couldn’t describe. And Dipper, knowing this, made sure to use the word liberally. Another surprising thing - his geeky partner was an absolute flirt once he was comfortable with someone. Norman was convinced that Dipper just liked making him blush. (And he wasn’t wrong.)

All that being said, Norman wasn’t void of his own sexual fantasies. It was true that he was rather vanilla when it came to most of his desires. Even so, he had a single kink - one massive turn-on - that he was certain outdid every filthy thought his lewd boyfriend ever had. It was only after a few loose hints Norman had never meant to drop that Dipper managed to finally coax it out of him.

Norman was a sucker for cuckolding.

More specifically, he was *very* enticed by the idea of watching Dipper being pressed into the sheets by someone else.

When he finally admitted it, he half expected Dipper to find it strange or weird or - worst of all - disgusting. Nothing of the sort. Dipper was surprisingly on board. The other seemed to revel in the

chance to return Norman's indulgence in his many kinks. It was shocking, and Norman means *shocking*, when Dipper came to him a couple days later with a file full of potential candidates. Pictures were laid out before Norman's bulging eyes - ones of boys from his own life, from Dipper's life, and a choice few from a service that seemed tailored towards his specific fantasy. He had no idea what to do with himself. Dipper, on the other hand, seemed to quite enjoy pressing against his side, holding the pictures up and one by one, and whispering filthy things like, "How about this one? Do you want to see him fuck me? Watch his cock stretch me more than yours could?" It quickly made a mess of Norman. It only got worse once Dipper started lazily stroking his cock as they continued.

Norman didn't think that Dipper was into his kink. No, in fact, he was sure of it. Otherwise, Dipper wouldn't have included people like Robbie Valentino in his list of candidates - people that he knew his boyfriend detested. Maybe it played into his degradation kink, but more than anything, Dipper just seemed absolutely ecstatic to fulfill his boyfriend's deepest fantasies to the fullest extent. It was like he was willing to let Norman give his body to anyone to use just so he could watch the immense satisfaction in his boyfriend's pleased face. He was pleased to please - just as, Dipper was eager to remind, Norman had been for him so many times before.

And that led to now, with two of them fiddling with a pair of *very* expensive VR sets. See, when it came down to it, Norman didn't feel comfortable seeing Dipper with another actual person. It wasn't that the thought didn't make him pant like a dog, but rather, the possibility of a messy aftermath made him anxious. Dipper was as understanding as he was determined. After a week of scouring the web, he found a virtual simulation that would let them have sexual encounters with a wide variety of potential characters. It required a VR system with full body immersion, but the pair made enough from their paranormal investigations to afford it.

Dipper gently pressed a headset into Norman's hands. "Come on," he said, gentle and coaxing even as his eyes gleamed with excitement. "Let's go find the perfect person to cuck you." He pressed a quick peck to Norman's blushy face. With a wink, he raised the headset up and wrangled it down onto his head. Flashing lights and small whirring noises preceded the absolute stillness that encompassed Dipper's body. Norman gave a small yelp that quickly morphed into a nervous chuckle as his boyfriend's body limply fell into his lap. He held the other against his chest, caressing his back and running his fingers through that soft hair. Norman grinned at the unbelievability of this situation. It was really happening, wasn't it? He let out a huff of a laugh.

Norman pulled the pillow from his chest, placed it on the floor, and gently laid his cute, minxy boyfriend down against it. Once the other looked comfortable, Norman quickly took a spot beside him. He wrapped his arms around the other's waist and dipped beneath the headset to press a tender kiss to Dipper's soft lips. "Best. Boyfriend. Ever." And then, with a deep breath, the headset settled down over his eyes.

Norman's world plunged into darkness. There was a pull of motion, something he couldn't see but could feel. Digital words popped up in front of him.

[Initializing...]

[Body Scan in Process...]

[Body Scan completed.]

[Mental Scan in Process...]

[Mental Scan completed.]

[Compatibility Match: 96%]

[Requesting verification from Admin...]

[Admin verification received. Sexual preference approved for change. Hypnotic Influence set to Light. Coercive Learning approved. Biological rewrite approved. Status set to...VIP.]

Norman would have considered that last chunk of text a little more, but it was immediately wiped from his mind - fully erased and forgotten. As such, he had no clue of the sudden and permanent changes his body and mind were about to undergo. His ignorance would continue far afterward too. Norman would remain fully unaware of any differences between who he was now and who he was about to be - even if they were subtle to begin with. A flash of images flickered before his eyes at an impossible speed. A tremor went up through his body, something that shifted and manipulated his biology into something more accommodating of his new Status. It all lasted less than a second. When all was done, Norman didn't look any different, but he was. His body and mind were freshly tailored toward his new purpose.

When the darkness receded, it was in a rush of color and dim light. Dipper was there beside him, his eyes taking in the space with wondrous fascination. The other's presence eased a tension that had built in Norman's chest. His lips pulled into a relaxed smile as he turned to gawk at the small room. The design alone wasn't anything impressive. In fact, it was surprisingly bland. It was reminiscent of a small waiting room, completed with a small desk standing before them. No, the amazing part was just how *real* it all felt. Norman could feel Dipper's hand brush his own. He could feel the firm floor beneath his feet. The thrum of muffled music reverberated through a set of doors to the right of the desk. Through it, he could also catch whiffs of the distinct smell of sex. It made him giddy.

Said doors were suddenly pushed open as a large bee-like character dressed in a flight suit with a matching helmet came buzzing over to behind the desk. *Charmy* - Norman's brain had helpfully supplied the name, though he was certain he shouldn't have any way of knowing it. As the question bubbled up, it was immediately dulled into something akin to disinterest. The curiosity sizzled out and settled into acceptance. Instead, he quirked his eyebrow up for an entirely different reason. A cute, bee-like character wasn't exactly the kind of thing him and Dipper were expecting to be greeted with. Except...Norman quickly realized that his gaze was going up and down the small, fluttering form with something akin to interest. Embarrassed, he glanced over at Dipper only to find the same heated interest flickering in his eyes. *Charmy* was sexy. Except he was certain neither one of them would have thought as much only moments ago. At the very least, he was sure he'd never found something of the equivalent nearly as attractive.

Once again, the uncertainty was quenched as quickly as it came.

"Alright, let's see here...." *Charmy's* young voice trailed off as he reached under the desk and brought out a small tablet. After a few small taps of his gloved fingers, the bee turned his focus upward and gave the pair a wide, delighted grin. "Hello! Welcome to The Hive!" He gave a polite wave at that two - one that Dipper nonchalantly returned as Norman was still sorting through his thoughts. "Norman Babcock, it's a pleasure to meet you!"

Startled by the sound of his full name, Norman's attention snapped to the bee. "Oh...nice to meet you too, *Charmy*." He sheepishly reached out for a handshake, changed it into a wave half-way through, and then awkwardly lowered his arm to cling it to his side. It seemed to please the bee nonetheless.

"Alright! Let's go ahead and get you two started!" He chirped out the words as he started buzzing around the two, as though assessing goods. Normally, it would make Norman feel uncomfortable to

be oogled like that. Right now, it felt commonplace. He even subconsciously lowered his arm to give the other a better view.

“Um...do I get a greeting?” Dipper poked his own chest with a small finger as he asked the question. Charmy flew up to meet the raised eyebrow with an apologetic smile.

“I’m sorry,” he said with a sheepish chuckle. “I don’t actually have your name listed here.”

Dipper frowned at that. He eyed the buzzing bee and searched for intent, but after a moment, his expression eased into a smile. The finger at his chest became a rather pointed thumb. “Easy,” he replied. “I’m Di-....er...my name is...uh...um...,” his words stuttered out as his eyebrows knitted together. He reached up to scratch the back of his head. “Well...it has to be....uh...”

A small bout of panic rose up in Norman’s chest. “What?!” His mouth opened in disbelief, his eyes shining with concern. “You can’t remember *your name*?!”

Charmy dismissed the issue with a wave of his hand. “Oh, that’s fine,” he said. “Actually, that’s supposed to happen. It’s up to the product’s patron to decide what their new name will be. Many keep the original name, but when they decide to change it, it’s better for the product not to get confused.”

Dipper frowned, his mind working through all the little bits of information they just received. “I... you erased my name so someone else can name me?” The more he considered it, the more his confusion mellowed out into something more lustful. His eyelids lowered into a sultry, distant stare. A groan escaped his lips. “That’s hot,” he concluded.

“It is *not* hot!” Norman insisted. Except that it kind of was, and he’d be dishonest if he said that his cock hadn’t twitched with interest at the thought of someone else naming his boyfriend. Still, he tried not to let that show. There were more pressing concerns. “My boyfriend needs his name!” Feeling a little more determined, he leaned forward and pointed a finger at Charmy’s striped chest. “You can’t just...mess with his mind like that!”

Charmy listened to everything with a plastered smile. He seemed to be struggling with this kind of situation, and it struck Norman as odd that such a complaint would be unusual. With a bead of sweat running down his tense face, Charmy reached down to his tablet and tapped a small button on the side of the screen. “It’s fine,” he said, his voice seeming to echo several times over as the words reverberated inside Norman’s head.

A sense of neutrality washed over him. He leaned back, shoulders relaxing as his hand dropped back to his side. The panic quickly dissolved into a calm acceptance - one that was quickly followed by confusion at the other’s assurance. “Well...yeah,” Norman replied, cocking an eyebrow upward. “I mean...he’s a product. Of course it’s fine that he doesn’t have a name.”

“Aww~,” Dipper cooed in mock appreciation. He took hold of his boyfriend’s hand and pulled it close as he wrapped himself around Norman’s arm. “You’re too sweet.” The tone was somewhere between sarcastic and sultry. Though, Dipper’s eyes were nothing but pleased with the kinky treatment.

“Great!” Charmy cheered with a swing of his arm. There was visible relief in his expression as Norman settled back into complacency. With a re-emerging grin, his eyes quickly swiped through some details on his tablet before giving it a few quick taps. “Then let’s continue!”

Something like a shiver ran up and down Norman’s body. An odd crackling sensation preceded the broken, colorful squares that followed along with it. It looked like a computer system glitching out,

though nothing about it felt unintentional. When the strange sensations faded, the change was very noticeable.

Dipper whistled in appreciation. “Nice.” His eyes blatantly drank in the sight of Norman’s body - completely bare except for tight, leather boyshorts.

Norman blushed profusely. He reached down to cover himself with a small squeak. It felt a little silly. Dipper had seen him naked enough, but still...Charmy was there too. His gaze embarrassingly flickered over to Dipper, back to his own nakedness, and then returned again to Dipper - this time going a little lower. Norman’s eyes lingered though, unable to stop himself from eyeing his boyfriend’s beautiful and alluring form. And Dipper, much more appreciative of Norman’s attention, had no problem showing it off.

“Hey, Charmy,” Dipper quietly called out as he leaned forward towards the bee. “Not that I don’t like the new outfit, but do you think you could shorten them?” The fluttering bee responded with a beaming smile and an eager nod. He slid his finger down on the screen of his tablet as though adjusting the slider. Similarly, the leggings of the boyshorts rode up Dipper’s legs and shortened until they were more akin to your average underwear. “Mmm~,” Dipper hummed. He twisted his body around to stare down at his own ass with a sultry stare. “A little shorter?” he asked. The leather shrunk to bikini length. Norman’s groan only egged Dipper on further. “Just a tad more.” And suddenly, within a moment, those leather boy shorts had become a leather thong that rode up into Dipper’s split cheeks and exposed all of his smooth, supple thighs. “Perfect!” He gave a thumbs up towards Charmy before flicking his salacious gaze back to Norman. “Way better,” he commented. “Thongs are just more comfortable, don’t you think?” He stuck out his hips to feed his boyfriend’s eager gaze.

Norman nibbled down on his lower lip. “Y-yeah,” he said, voice breathy and hot.

“Another kink?” Dipper asked.

Norman was about to protest, but he couldn’t even tear his eyes away as the dark, leather material framed his boyfriend’s ass so perfectly. His entire body was just so beautiful. Norman didn’t have a lingerie kink. Dipper’s body was just a work of art - one all for him. “You’re my kink,” came his response.

Dipper barked out a surprised laugh. He stepped over and slung his arm around Norman’s shoulders. His boyfriend gasped as their bare bodies pressed up against each other. “Well, then I guess we could jus-...holy gnome!” Dipper shouted, his eyes widening in surprise as they slid down to Norman’s neck. “You have a *barcode*!”

“A what?!” Norman squawked. He tried, in vain, to look down at his own neck.

Dipper gave a breathy chuckle. “Yeah. Damn.” His thumb gingerly ran over Norman’s skin. “Crisp and clean. With V.I.P. printed above it.” The other curiously examined the new addition with growing interest before, in a surge of excitement, he turned to expose his own neck to Norman. “How about me?! Do I have one?!”

Norman, though still reeling from that realization, quickly followed along. His eyes bulged at the thick black bars printed in a line across his boyfriend’s neck. “Y-yeah,” he said, a little conflicted at the concept. He, too, ran his fingers over a different set of letters. They were big and blocky as they sat atop the barcode. “Yours says...S.I.T.”

His boyfriend snorted. “S.I.T.?” he asked. Dipper raised an eyebrow. “Sit? Really?” His tone became interlaced with dry chuckles. “What? Am I going to end up doing some pet pla-...oh. *Oh!*.”

If Norman were to guess, the same thing that happened to him had also just happened to his boyfriend. The meaning behind those letters slipped into his mind with practiced ease, as though he had known the answer from the start.

Slut In Training.

After a long pause, Dipper's lips pulled into a smile. "That's hot."

Norman rolled his eyes, but at this point, his boyfriend's kinky nature was something he found rather endearing.

"Come on, you two!" Charmy called out. Both turned to see the bee-like character hovering at the door. "It's time to get in there and find your patron!"

With a push, the doors swung open. The thrum of music became more crisp and clear - as did the sound and smell of rampant sex. It flooded Norman's senses like a tidal wave. He probably would have stood frozen from the sudden stimulation had Dipper not taken his hand and tugged him forward. "Come on," the other encouraged. Warm, loving eyes met his own. "Let's go find a stud to cuck you."

With a giddy smile and a sheepish blush, Norman followed.

Their introduction to how The Hive worked was immediate and abrupt.

A garbled moan, froth with heavy desire, was uttered only inches from Norman's ear. It was startling enough for him to jump away as his body spun to confront the source of the salacious sound.

A young boy, maybe two years younger than Norman, was pressed up right near the entrance by a purple, anthropomorphic chameleon. His burgundy hair was pulled up and out of his face by a pair of heavy goggles. It gave a good view of his green, lust-drunk eyes. His mouth loosely hung open in a lewd grin as his tongue lolled out against the wall. Short, sweet moans poured liberally from his lips.

Raz Aquato. Norman's brain whispered as much to him. Once again, he was sure that he had never learned this name. And once again, Norman didn't question it. Neither did he question the chameleon's name, which was Espio.

No, his attention was more focused on the way Raz was pressed into the wall as he balanced himself on a single foot. Espio had lifted his other leg high up into the air, stretching and pushing it forward much farther than what should be comfortable. Even doing the splits didn't spread one's legs to that degree, and yet Raz didn't complain in the least. And Espio seemed too enraptured with the way the boy's rim stretched around his cock to care.

A chuckle pulled his attention farther into the room. A lightly colored hedgehog - Silver - was reclining back onto a cushioned couch. Two boys, most likely the same age as Norman, sat on either side of him. They wore shirts with matching striped patterns, but were otherwise nude. And Norman sheepishly raked his eyes over their bare behinds as the pair leaned over to slobber over Silver's dripping cock in unison.

"He really is flexible, isn't he?" Silver commented as he greedily drank in Raz's ravaged body.

Espio didn't even look the hedgehog's way. "Yes. He is," he responded, short and curt as all his

attention remained on his boytoy's thinly stretched rim. He seemed equally interested in watching his shaft slide in and out of that puckered hole, drawing more lewd sounds from the young slut's mouth.

With a lick of his lips, Silver lifted a hand. As though pulled upward by invisible strings, one of the boys - Ness - was made to follow the action, his face sliding up the engorged shaft until his lips could close around the swollen head and swallow down the building bead of pre. Norman noticed something else too. Silver's other hand was holding the base of his shaft, two fingers looped around the girth. Every now and then, he would thrust upward, and Norman noticed that the boys' gaping holes would widen just a little further. Both Ness and Lucas would squirm and moan against the hedgehog's dick. It was as though Silver's girth was being projected into their bodies - like they could actually *feel* the hedgehog's cock inside of them.

"Kinda wish I was here to claim him when he arrived," Silver said.

Espio frowned at that. "You don't get priority on every psychic-wielder."

The lightly-colored hedgehog chuckled sheepishly. "Yeah....," he said. "I know."

At this point, Norman noticed that Charmy and Dipper had continued walking along. He jogged to catch up, but not before swiping another quick look at Ness and Lucas's eyes, unimaginably dizzy with heat.

(What he didn't notice, of course, was the psychic energy that the boys' passed between one another, each cycling through a series of hypnotic thoughts. One would first receive before sending them right back, both working in unison to condition themselves to be happy little cock-slaves. Neither could stop the forever looping process now. Of course, neither wanted to anymore. No, they were just the happiest little cock-slaves, eager to serve their Master's cock.)

Norman quickly caught up to Dipper. His boyfriend gawked at each and every lewd interaction with an overflowing excitement. To him, it was like pure eye-candy. And there was plenty to see. Only now did Norman realize just how massive of a room they were in. It continued on without end. The path that Charmy led them down was elevated maybe a foot off the ground. White, fluorescent lights trailed along the contours as though it were a runway. A series of smaller areas flanked either side of the curving path. Each shared a similar color-scheme, but all of them seemed tailored to a patron's specific needs or desires.

The one that drew Norman's attention most was what looked like a technologically advanced workshop. Glass tables, framed by fluorescent lights, had parts and pieces scattered across them. Some areas had been cleared just enough for documents or blueprints to be placed down. Pictures and notes were pinned up on short walls spaced around the out-of-place room. A green, bird-like creature - Jet - sat on a cushioned stool at one of the many work spaces. He tinkered away with an amused grin. Beneath the glass tabletop knelt a latino boy - the older Norman has yet to see - with a blue, vaguely bug-inspired device attached to his back. Jaime Reyes - that was the name of the teen that worked his tongue along Jet's throbbing erection.

The hawk looked up from his work to call across the workshop. "Hey! Valdez! How's it going?" Norman followed his gaze to one of the hottest twink he's ever seen. Another latino, one with a head of curly hair, a face full of freckles, and a slim, supple body with the most lovely curves Norman has had the pleasure to lay eyes on. And Jet seems to have marked that body from head to toe - completely covered it in bold, black marker that outlined blueprints, documented new ideas, and worked through calculations. There were even schematics down near the boy's ass - like a tramp stamp - for how to turn him into a permanent, living urinal. Leo Valdez's soft skin had been used like paper for Jet to work on, and the boy wore it all proudly.

“Almost done,” Leo called back with a gracious smile. He twisted his hips around and stared down at his marker-littered body. “I need...uh...this piece!” he exclaimed, pressing a finger into a small drawing on his waist.

Jet turned his gaze down to Jaime. “Hear that? I’ll need another part off that beetle of yours.”

The hawk’s cock throbbed, and a thick rope of pre fell onto the older boy’s face as he pulled away. Only now did Norman notice that the device on his back was partially dismantled. Not that the other seemed to mind. No, Jaime smiled up gratefully at the opportunity. “Yes, señor!” he responded. “I don’t need it to be your cockwarmer.”

He was rewarded with a pleased chuckle. “Good boy.”

“Oh! I’ll be right back!” Charmy’s voice pulled Norman’s attention back to where they were heading. Which was somewhere. Norman didn’t know where exactly, but he knew that he had a destination in the same way he knew everyone’s names, which now seamlessly poured into his mind without delay. The process had become smooth enough that he didn’t even stop to consider it anymore.

Charmy zipped his way over to a pair of rather short boys that lounged around on a comfy couch. Mineta was dressed in a latex thong and bra that matched his oddly purple hair. Fishnet covered his thin abdomen and pudgy legs. A serving tray was balanced precariously in his hand. A variety of bizarre snack combinations were placed onto the stainless steel. Norman would have considered it a little more had his eyes not been bulging from an even *stranger* sight.

“Don’t worry, Frisk!” Charmy chirped as he came to a rest between the two. “As soon as you have my babies, I’ll send you right back to Asriel.”

Those words alone confirmed the bizarre information that left Norman’s mind reeling. Frisk’s belly was absolutely *bulging* - firm and swollen from months worth of pregnancy. It was a lewd and peculiar thing to see. And confusing. So confusing, in fact, that Norman was nearly overwhelmed with the illogical nature of it until something in his mind quickly suppressed it. A calm washed over him as he accepted this reality. Yes, boys like Frisk - boys like *him* - could be impregnated if their patrons so choose. After all, many Mobians would want to continue their family line. And products should tailor towards their patron’s needs.

That didn’t make it any less incredible to see. Norman wasn’t panicking, but he was still gawking and eyeing at Frisk’s lewdly swollen belly.

(Norman didn’t see the way that Dipper absent-mindedly ran a hand over his own stomach, eyes distant with a loving sort of heat. Neither did Norman see the way that sultry stare glanced over at him, eyeing his boyfriend as it trailed down to the taller’s growing bulge.)

“You be sure to keep him happy, okay, Mineta?” Charmy turned his bright eyes towards the slutty waiter. His gaze was nothing but kind.

Mineta dipped down his head in a small bow. “Yes, my prince.”

“Thank you!” Charmy pressed a small kiss to Mineta’s head. And then, turning to Frisk, his eyelids lowered into something more salacious. “And thank *you*, my princess.” The kiss given to Frisk was a little more tender.

Right after, Charmy flew back over to Dipper and Norman, circling around the two before positioning himself in the lead. “Alright! Let’s keep on going!” And that was that. Charmy began

flittering forward without another thought.

Norman and Dipper, of course, followed. The pair continued their way down the curving path as their eyes continued to wander. The further in they went, the more Norman realized that it wasn't just Charmy who wanted his boys impregnated.

Shadow the Hedgehog, a dark and handsome creature, was sitting in a large chair like a throne. He wore a slim, dark suit and a vibrant, red tie. Besides that, he was bottomless, which allowed a very eager and *very* pregnant Damian Wayne to gratefully swallow down his heavy cock. The boy's neck bulged from the girth, but there wasn't an ounce of complaint as he dutifully swallowed around the dick that permanently reshaped his throat. Damian stood on all fours like a dog, his body bare and exposed except for a dazzling collar, pregnant belly hanging down low towards the floor. His ass - plump and round and suspended on thick hips - was spread wide enough for Norman to see the trail of thick, pearly seed leaking from his loose and sloppy entrance.

Shadow leered down at the submissively bred boy as he pulled a young, pale-skinned beauty up against his side. Nico Di Angelo's dark, sunken eyes watched his fellow slut's actions with rapt attention. He looked needy - almost desperate. The hedgehog worked gloved digits up into that perky little behind, pulling soft moans from the raven-haired boy's tender lips. Nico also wore a collar, one that was thick and black and held a small, bejeweled skull that dangled down against his naked neck. And, though not as far along as Damian, Nico's belly was extended with the beginnings of pregnancy. It protruded just far enough to drape down onto Shadow's thigh.

"Beautiful," Shadow said, his voice so very deep and surprisingly tender. "It's a suitable look - fattened with my litter." His free hand went down to ruffle through Damian's hair. "I'll keep you two pregnant forever."

"Thank you, Daddy," Nico said, ass rutting back against those thick, gloved fingers. Damian tried to give a similar response even as the words became nothing but senseless rumbles against the hedgehog's cock. Norman watched that massive erection throb inside the boy's throat, no doubt shooting another thick rope of baby better straight down into that pregnant belly.

Shadow gave the two a sultry chuckle. "Such good boy-wives."

The power that voice had was enough to make even Norman blush as he passed by. Part of him hoped that they could find someone like Shadow to hand Dipper over to. He seemed like just the right combination of gentle and rough - the kind of person to take what he wants without being heartless. Though, if Dipper preferred a partner that's a little more rough, then he supposes he'd relent on that. There were certainly many here who were more dominant. And the more Norman saw of them, the more enticed he was at the idea.

The first they walked by was Vector, a massive alligator with headphones wrapped around his neck. He was by far the tallest person that Norman had seen so far. The reptilian, like many, was lounging against a cushioned couch. His massive hand held a head full of messy blonde hair, one that he yanked up and down his length like a toy. Norman couldn't see the face from between Vector's massive thighs, but he could hear the choking and gagging that became wet and garbled around the ginormous cock. He could also see the metal prosthetics that replaced one of the boy's arms and one of his legs.

"Try to moan a bit more there, shrimp," Vector said, his voice a hoarse grumble. "The vibrations from your little mouth feels pretty nice." Through the saliva that bubbled up inside the blonde's stretched throat, the boy practically screamed out his stuttered moans against the thick, musky skin. Seemingly dissatisfied with the effort, Vector pulled his toy off his length. The enormous cock draped over Edward Elric's lewd and broken expression - the blonde's spit-coated lips pulled into a

wide and dizzy grin. Saliva and cum smeared across his face as he heaved in heavy breaths through his gaping throat. “If you do well, then I’ll promise to claim your brother if ever comes through. Even let you watch me break him too.

“Haah!....Th-thank you, si-nggrk!” The blonde’s head was pulled back so those lips could once again stretch around Vector’s girth. The choking and gagging continued immediately, though they were accompanied with the constant hum of sloppy, eager moans.

“B-but...nggaaah!....m-my name is S-Sor-...”

“Bitch boy.”

Norman swiveled his head around to witness a red-shelled armadillo-like character holding a young, lean twink up by his legs. Mighty gently thrustured up into the other’s body as he held those legs far apart - open and bare for all to witness. He smiled gingerly as he nuzzled up against the other’s side. If Norman didn’t know better, he looked amused.

“N-no!” Sora whined even as he panted like a dog in heat. “I’m...I’m not...!”

“My pretty little Bitch boy.” The line rolled off Mighty’s tongue so sweetly and lovingly. It almost covered the pure degradation of those words. And yet, it didn’t stop Dipper, his kinky boyfriend, from gripping his hand in a pulse of desire

“I...I’m not a...I’m *not*!” Sora insisted as his body was bounced up and down on Mighty’s thick cock. Despite his reluctance, the former key-blade wielder had eyes that looked wrecked with unbound lust. Even then, it was nothing compared to how absolutely *ruined* his body was. His stomach was big and bulging, but not in the same way as those previously impregnated. No, Sora appeared to be so bloated with seed that his youthful, athletic chest gave way to a fattened gut. An unimaginable amount of cum had left his stomach so swollen that it hung down between his spread legs - completely covering his own crotch. It was a sack of semen that shifted and swung as the thick fluids sloshed around inside him.

“Mhmm,” Mighty hummed, seemingly both amused and unconvinced at the boy’s rejection. With a small smirk, he pulled out of Sora’s leaky ass and pressed the girthy tip to the other’s fluttering hole. An immensely needy whine ripped its way through the former key-blade wielder’s throat. His eyes looked desperate to get it back inside him, but Mighty held him there. The armadillo kissed and nipped at the twink’s tender skin. “Now what’s your name?” he asked, gentle and amused.

Sora whimpered pitifully. Norman didn’t need to watch to see what the outcome was. The boy’s eyes were far too gone - far too rampant with unhinged desire to allow for any other choice. His fight died the moment Mighty threatened to withhold his cock. In desperation, the young hero cried out, “I-I’m Bitch boy! Mighty’s pretty Bitch boy!”

In reward, Mighty thrustured his cock upward, burying it entirely into that smooth, bubbly ass. Sora’s eyes rolled back into his head as the armadillo’s balls drew upward. Norman could see each and every ripple as new ropes of thick seed joined the rest deposited into Sora’s belly. The key-blade wielder moaned whorishly with each new addition.

“Oi! Tighten up more, ya slut!” The harsh tone, followed by a sharp slap, pulled Norman’s attention away. A green hedgehog with scars raked across his chest wore a wild grin, drunk on his own dominance, as he ferociously pounded into Dragon Bussy’s beaten hindquarters. Norman’s eyes trailed up the thick, draconic tail that sprouted from the base of the boy’s spine. Its vibrant red scales shimmered in The Hive’s dim lights. The reptilian-like features continued down along the boy’s thighs and stretched to his feet where the toes were extended and sharp black claws dug into

the floor. Patches of scarlet scales were scattered across his abdomen. Even his hands, though mostly unchanged, had sprouted the same claws as his feet. Dragon Bussy's face was completely human, and Norman's eyes trailed along the green highlights in his dark hair before falling into his absolutely slutty expression. Eyes rolled back and tongue lolling out, his face was pressed down into the elevated pathway where he drooled through the onslaught of salacious moans and mewls.

"Y-yes, Master!" Dragon Bussy cried in eager obedience. Scourge gripped the end of his tail and used it to roughly yank the boy back onto his cock, bouncing that bubbly, scaly butt against his hips. Dragon Bussy let out a small squeal. He lifted his ass to present it at a better angle, and the scarred hedgehog rewarded it with another heavy slap against those young, beefy cheeks. The boy groaned out his gratitude.

"Hey! Eyes up here, newbies!"

It took Norman a good long moment to realize that Scourge was referring to them. He blinked, dizzy from everything he was seeing, before managing to lift his gaze up towards the green hedgehog. Except...Scourge wasn't looking at him.

He was looking at Dipper.

"Read through your profile," Scourge said. His eyes flickered with something wild and dangerous. The way he sneered at them and flashed his sharp teeth made Norman nearly want to run. And there was also this deep amusement in this expression - as though humored by what he was about to do. "You're a monster hunter, right? Just go searching for all kinds of scary shit." As he spoke, he never even slowed his hips. His cock continued to brutally hammer into Dragon Bussy's ass, fucking more lewd moans past his open mouth. "Sounds dangerous," he said, grinning with an almost malicious sort of excitement. "I *like* dangerous. So I think I'll take you. Wreck that slutty little body in ways your impotent boyfriend never could."

Norman couldn't stop the violent shiver that ripped straight through his body and down into his throbbing erection. A quick glance at Dipper revealed the way his boyfriend licked his lips at such a proposition. "That doesn't sound too bad," he said. "I'll just have to talk it over with Nor-..."

"Charmy," Scourge interrupted, cutting off Dipper's reply. "Let's go with preset three. Rename: Cuckslut."

Dipper gave a small giggle at the demeaning language. He reached out to squeeze Norman's hand and turned to face his boyfriend more fully. "Well? What do you think?" he asked. His eyes were ablaze with a lustful heat. Even more than that, his body trembled with excitement to finally fulfill his boyfriend's desire. "I'm sure he'd be a good choice, but we could always just-...."

A small beep - like the kind you might hear at the grocery market. Charmy flashed a red light over Dipper's barcode. The boy's body seized up as the high-pitched ping rang out around them. Norman watched his boyfriend's eyes flash with green for a small moment before the life was suddenly returned to them. Except now that sultry gaze was focused on Scourge. And the barcode on his neck was gone.

Norman's expression shifted from confusion to concern to surprise as the other's hand slipped from his own. With a small protest, he reached out to pull Cuckslut back, but his boyfriend was already stepping off the elevated pathway.

Cuckslut sauntered over to the scarred hedgehog. Scourge released a low chuckle as he raked his eyes lewdly up and down his prize. While one hand continued to pull Dragon Bussy's tail like a leash on a fleshlight, the other quickly wrapped around Cuckslut's smaller form and pulled him in

close. That beautifully nude body was pressed against the matted, green fur. With a pleased, perverted hum, Scourge immediately slid his gloved hand down to cup Cuckslut's plump cheeks. He gave it a grope and a slap - one harsh enough to pull a groan from the boy's pretty lips. Those thick digit's pulled the thin line of the leather thong aside to press up into that hungry hole. Cuckslut lifted his hips and wiggled back against them with a pleased moan.

"H-hey....," Norman stuttered out, his voice breaking as he watched the demeaning scene. His eyes searched his boyfriend's body language just as much as it searched Scourge's expression for intention. A new kind of heat was ignited inside his chest as Norman chewed on his own lip. "But...w-we haven't decided..."

"Feel that, slave?" Scourge paid no mind to the other's words. Neither did Cuckslut. It was as though he hadn't spoken at all. The two ignored him as the hedgehog guided his boyfriend's hand to the base of his cock - the shaft still buried deep into Dragon Bussy's depths. Cuckslut breathed out a lusty huff as his fingers failed to meet around the girth. "That's what a real cock feels like - one made to break bitches like you. It'd split you so far open that you couldn't even feel that loser's shrimp dick even if I *did* let him fuck you." In one sharp movement, Scourge slapped Cuckslut's chin and jerked the boy's head up to meet his gaze. He gripped his neck and pulled him in close. "Once it's inside you, it'll ruin you. Your ass will never revert back. It will only ever be the shape of me." Scourge said it like a warning as he thumbed Cuckslut's tender neck. "Now beg for it."

Cuckslut groaned - the sound full of rampant desire. His entire body shivered, and Norman's echoed the sensation. "Yes! Please, Master! Wreck me! Please, make my body into your cocksleeve! Plesae, I want it! I want it so bad, Master!" The boy's cock throbbed with every line.

Scourge chuckled, deep and amused. "Really, now? You'd choose my cock over your boyfriend."

"Ha!" Cuckslut barked out a laugh. He turned his head just enough to peer at Norman over his shoulder - his eyes full of pity and disgust. The boy's lips pulled into a condescending smile. "As if a lame twink like him could ever satisfy a slut like me."

Norman trembled from the insult. Before he knew it, his hand was down and rubbing against his crotch in a furious chase for satisfaction. Scourge leered at him. The hedgehog seemed thoroughly entertained by his reaction. "Get lost, cuck! Your bitch is mine now." He pressed his fingers even deeper into Cuckslut's hole. The boy shuddered with a gasp. "You wanna watch? I'll send for you when I feel like it. Till then, eyes off my property!"

Norman choked on a breath. His palm pressed down against the tented boyshorts. "Uh...y-yeah, I-I gu..."

"Yes, *what*?" Scourge demanded, voice deep and intimidating.

"Y-yes, sir!" The words came out in a shrill, strained tone. Cuckslut must have liked that quite a bit because he rutted back against those thick, gloved fingers with an appreciative moan. It was the last thing Norman saw of him before he turned his gaze away.

"Good cuck," Scourge praised, his tone demeaning and controlled. "Now scram."

It was enough to make Norman squeeze his thighs together, his erection throbbing inside his boyshorts. And it didn't *stop* throbbing. He pressed his hands down against it, but the pressure only added to the growing pleasure. The sound of his boyfriend's moan, for any variety of reason, was enough to push Norman over the edge. He moaned and whined, face burning and eyes glazing over, as he pumped his orgasm into his boyshorts. It didn't show much on the dark material, but

Norman could feel how wet and messy they had become. A few stray droplets managed to slip through the leather and roll down his thighs. His thighs tightened more as he tried to stop it, but such efforts were futile. His cock throbbed and pulsed as he felt the seed surging through his shaft into the gathering puddle of warmth against his crotch. It was one of the strongest climaxes he's ever had - strong enough to leave him dizzy. Norman's mouth fell open in a pant. As his orgasm pittered out, he was left feeling gross and sloppy.

Charmy didn't even bat an eye. He pulled Norman's messy hand from his crotch and led the boy forward with that perpetually friendly smile. "Come on!" he chirped. "We're still not there yet."

Right. He had a destination. Wasn't sure where, but he was needed there. So, nodding numbly, Norman stumbled along. The original plan had been to stay and watch Cuckslut be taken, but that suddenly felt less important and less practical. He could come back later...right? The question died in his mind as he was gently led away from the green hedgehog's boisterous laugh.

They hadn't gone far before Norman started to worry more about how absolutely debauched he looked. He tried to cover his crotch, but he couldn't do a thing to hide the cum rolling down his legs, each droplet painting translucent stripes down his bare thighs. Luckily for him, the next couple patrons were far too engrossed with their boys to actually pay any attention. It was almost dizzying to see such kind and loving behavior after the sheer domination and degradation he had just witnessed.

The first one that pulled his attention was a red echidna that gently caressed around the gem in his partner's belly. Embarrassingly, Norman actually thought that Knuckles might have been talking to him when he said, "No~. Don't worry about it, baby. It looks cute on you." It had him sheepishly tugging at his boyshorts as he turned to respond with a nervous smile. Instead, his words died out as he eyed the plump, chubby boy with satin panties disappearing around his waist and a matching bra holding in a pudgy chest. Their color matched the gem embedded in his round belly.

"A-are you sure?" Steven asked sheepishly. He was cutely glancing down and away from the echidna, but that quickly changed when a strong, gentle hand redirected his gaze back up.

Knuckles smiled as his hand slid to cup the boy's cheek. "Come on," he said, voice deep but tender. "Tell me that you're pretty, yeah?"

Steven blush deepened to a vivid scarlet. His eyes shifted as though he were wanting to look away but decided otherwise. In a quiet, timid voice, he whispered, "I...I'm...pretty."

The way the echidna smiled was so loving and endearing. "Yes you are," he confirmed with a small peck to the chubby boy's lips. "Very, *very* pretty." And then, turning his gaze downward, he ruffled a head of brown hair hovering right above his lap. "You both are."

The affectionate scene felt so out of place that it had thoroughly distracted Norman from the lewd act being performed just beneath. A young brunette with soft, tanned skin had his pretty pink lips wrapped around the echidna's engorged shaft. Oscar Pines wasn't moving, per se, except for a slight wiggle of his hips against Knuckles' thick fingers. The farm boy's young, curvy body was curled up almost fully against his patron's leg. His knees were drawn in so far below him that they nearly touched his belly - the smooth, pliant abdomen pressed as flatly as it could against the cushions below. His heart-shaped, freckled ass sat comfortably on his heels, and Knuckles' happily reached back to toy with the boy's insides until he was loose and gaping. And yet, even with that stimulation, Oscar looked rather cozy. Sleepy, even. His emerald green eyes, framed by a splatter of freckles, were teary and dull as they softly fluttered on the verge of being closed. The heavy weight of the echidna's cock looked comfortable inside his throat. In his role as a cockwarmer, Oscar looked so pleasantly enveloped in blissful peace. It was enough to make Norman's heart

flutter.

The abrupt stop of The Hive's passionate, thrumming music managed to catch Norman off-guard. Silence seeped into where the constant background noise had once been, and the boy suddenly realized just how dependent The Hive's atmosphere was on such continuous sound. It felt...oddly cold without it. There was security in its consistency. It was enough to leave him a little anxious.

"How was that, Beep?" The cheerful, relaxed tone echoed from somewhere up ahead, and Norman craned his neck to try and see a little farther around the curve. As the area more fully came into view, he saw a large stage with instruments and microphones scattered around. At the edge of the stage knelt a green hedgehog - one very different from Scourge. Instead of a demeaning sneer, Manic wore an easy grin. His hair, arching dynamically in abrupt right angles, mixed with his open red jacket gave him a bit of a rockstar vibe. A set of drumsticks even stuck out from one of the pockets.

Manic was lowered onto one knee as he reached down to a small, blue-haired beauty. The boy had shining eyes that paired well with his eager energy. Beep reached out to take Manic's hands, offering the other a thumbs up as he bounced excitedly on his heels. The white shirt he wore was far too small to cover his swollen, pregnant belly - sticking out in a plump, round curve from his lithe form - and the action only served to hike it up higher against his fattened chest. Those pudgy tits practically jiggled beneath the bunched fabric - absolutely bulging with milk. Norman took notice of how Manic's eyes seemed to settle on the hypnotic motion.

"Pretty good then, huh?" Manic puffed out his chest in pride and Beep nodded fast enough to throw his red cap from his head. The hedgehog caught it easily with a happy chuckle. He flipped it backwards before pushing it down onto the boy's head. "I think we could do better, though," he said. "Especially if we didn't even get a pretty little thing like you to strip off his shirt for us."

From what Norman has seen, just about any other boy here would have immediately pulled the clothing from their chest and then some. With Beep, his eyes sparked with something like a challenge - as though he were daring Manic to try it. Against Norman's expectations, the hedgehog's smile grew wide as his eyes ignited with a competitive flame. It read like one musician challenging another, and Manic seemed *very* up to the test. He spun around and grinned back at a red-head on one of the mics. "What do you think, B.B.? Can we rock his socks off?"

Beep's Bop returned the look with cocky leer of his own. He spun the microphone around in his hand before holding it up with a tight grip. Norman probably would have found the interaction fun if he weren't so distracted by the red-head's thin, black thong. It did nothing to hide his huge bulge and *everything* to show off his hot athletic body. He was dressed to be pure eye-candy - something Manic quite enjoyed if his wandering gaze was anything to go by.

Looking over his other shoulder, the green hedgehog gave a softer smile towards a different boy, one with mocha skin and bright, brown eyes. He looked to be Norman's age, and his body was built similarly. Though, Skele-slut certainly looked a little cuter with his single-dimple smile and calavera face paint. His skin was so smooth too, and there was so much skin to look at. The only thing that covered his body was the guitar that Skele-slut held in his lip. If Norman were to guess, then he was probably fully nude behind the large instrument.

"Ready, Skele-slut?" Manic asked, voice a little more gentle and a bit more expectant. It felt as though the darker-skinned boy hadn't quite gotten into the rhythm of the group. Maybe he was new, much like Norman and Cuckslut were.

"S-si!" Skele-slut replied. "I'm ready when you are, Manic!" He adjusted the guitar in his lap with a slight blush, his hands adjusting to a more comfortable position.

“Mmm~,” Manic hummed. His eyelids lowered to half-mast as a sultry, wistful smile tugged at his lips. “Your voice is great,” he said. The sincerity in it was enough to make Skele-slut squirm sheepishly with a giggle. “I’m definitely gonna make you sing tonight. Wanna hear those lovely vocal cords scream my name.”

Skele-slut nearly dropped his guitar as the lewd promise hit him like a truck. It left him spluttering for a response as Beep’s Bop gave Manic an approving thumbs-up. The hedgehog nodded his head as though confirming the idea with a rather proud look. And then, with a wink towards Beep, he turned back around and headed towards the drumset at the front of the stage. “This one’s for you, my sweet Beep!” Manic shouted it out as he pointed to the boy with one of his drum sticks. Beep’s eyes were sparkling as he stood on his tip-toes at the edge of the stage.

The whole scene left Norman smiling as he continued onward, following Charmy down this seemingly endless path. Despite not quite knowing where they were heading, he felt close to his destination. It was like an internal waypoint system, leading him along with Charmy’s guidance. The end was near. He felt it.

And just as he considered this a little more, Norman’s attention was once again pulled away by a soft, lovely moan. Its source was a young boy with dark, raven hair and bright blue eyes. He wore a zipped-up hoodie with a strange, S-shaped logo on the front. A red cape appeared to be attached, one that was used to tie the boy’s arms gently behind his back. Besides that, he was bottomless. His milky thighs and plush hindquarters held bare to Ray, a golden-colored squirrel that gently rolled up into Jon’s eager body. Sweet, delicate moans feel from the boy’s soft lips.

“You’re such an amazing hero, Jon,” Ray said, the praise all breathy and heated as he tilted his hips to push in deeper. The boy whined beneath him, and the squirrel-character closed his eyes with a pleased sigh to enjoy such adorable sounds. “I know you were topping Damian before, but I just really want you to relax and let me do the work, okay?” The words were so sweet and adoring. It had Jon melting against the floor. “I’ll make sure you feel good forever, okay? So don’t you worry. I’ll always be super gentle for my super boy.”

With a small whimper, Jon’s body seemed to turn to mush as he was absolved of any responsibility. “Th-thanksh chu,” he slurred out gratefully.

A soft exhale left Ray’s lips as he wrapped his arms around Jon’s torso, hugging the boy as he laid against him. “Of course. I wanna keep you this happy and cozy - always.” He continued to gently roll forward into Jon with small, slow thrusts.

It looked so comfortable that Norman just wanted to keep staring. Charmy’s voice, however, pulled him back. “We’re here!” Norman’s eyes turned back to see a tall archway with a heavy, black curtain draped over the entrance. With a grin, Charmy pulled the curtain back and exposed a space beyond. He gestured the other forward. “In you go! He’s been waiting to see you!”

Normally, Norman would have some hesitation before entering a new space. He would take time to steady himself and prepare for what might be inside, as he had so often done on Cuckslut’s and his interrogations. That wasn’t quite the case right now. Instead of caution, Norman felt almost eager. Without Charmy even saying it, something had told him that he had arrived. And now, after walking for so long, he was ready to find out where he had arrived to - to discover what was at the end of this strange, virtual reality.

His first impression of the blue hedgehog was a powerful one.

Sonic lounged on his throne like a lazy king. His teeth were barred in an easy grin as he worked a toothpick between his molars. One hand was folded behind his head. In a similar fashion, one leg

hung over the armrest and swung back and forth in a slow, absent-minded motion. If anything, he looked like a friendly guy. And if not for everything else Norman was seeing, then he may not have looked so incredible. It wasn't the impression of Sonic's appearance that got to him - it was the impression of how others acted around him.

Prodigious Slut - the name popping up into his head and lingering there with newfound importance - straddled the hedgehog's lap and rode Sonic's surprisingly thick cock. He bounced his perky butt up and down against the hedgehog's hips. The boy's grin seemed to be just a perpetual, open-mouthed smile that let his tongue loll out freely against his chin. His eyes looked so incredibly foggy with the haze of constant, unquenchable lust. The rolled upward towards the wild mess of hair on his head. Whenever he threw his head back, it fully exposed the thick collar around his neck, and Norman's eyes followed it down to where Sonic lazily held it in his free hand. The boy looked just a little older than Hiro - maybe fourteen - and his belly was unbelievably big and round. It flopped down onto Sonic's abs every time he dropped his hips down onto that cock. Prodigious Slut had to be pregnant, and not just with one child. Twins - *at least*. His chest was so thick and plump, the pecs now serving as milk-filled tits that seemed to constantly drip with pale fluids. The labored breaths were most definitely due to the task of lifting his well-bred body, but the boy didn't complain about the effort and Sonic didn't complain about the weight.

Another boy knelt at the corner of the throne. He reverently held Sonic's other foot and gently kissed and licked the thick, red shoe. It was no doubt filthy, but Slut4Blue seemed quite content with his worship of the hedgehog's form. Sea green eyes raked up and down Sonic with adoration as he diligently performed his job. The boy slid his hands up the hedgehog's legs and gently massaged the muscles he found there. The pleased sigh that the Admin offered in return was enough to make Slut4Blue's cock throb. With a small burst of motion, he rocked eagerly back against the dildo that his wide, curvy hips sat upon. Its shape was shockingly similar to Sonic's own. More importantly, the motion had pulled Norman's gaze down over the boy's body, and he noticed just how well-adorned Slut4Blue was with golden strands and deep blue jewels. He looked like a royal concubine. Maybe even a prince of the sea - if he weren't kneeling at another's throne and getting off to the demeaning act of cleaning the hedgehog's shoes. No. Whatever that young, divinely-touched body of his was before, it was now only that of an eager slut.

The last boy, Dib, was dressed in nothing more than a small, lacy pair of black panties. He stood near Sonic's head and balanced a bowl of fresh, ripe grapes beneath his arm. One by one, he would use his free hand to choose one of the small fruits, hold it up over the hedgehog's lips, and wait until Sonic finally decided he wanted to eat another. Sometimes, it would be a few in a row. Other times, it would be a few minutes before the hedgehog desired another. Regardless, one was always at the ready. And Sonic took pleasure in dipping his head back and running his tongue around the boy's fingers before eventually sucking the grape from his hold. Dib, used to the process but seemingly not used to the effect, would heatedly then hold the saliva-slickened fingers up to his own lips and lick the hedgehog's taste off his hand. Norman noticed the heat that gathered in his eyes each and every time - always wanting more.

Norman swallowed thickly at the other's simultaneously relaxed and dominating presence. He looked spoiled. There was this permanent cockiness in his expression though, as though he knew that he had *earned* it, even if just by being himself. Norman was as nervous as he was in awe. And when Sonic finally opened his eyes to give the boy a sideways glance - his emerald irises seemed to almost glow with intensity. There was power in his gaze that left Norman shivering. And somehow, the hedgehog's tone still felt so casual and welcoming. "Hey!" he called out, not moving an inch as his three pets continued to pleasure him. "What's up?"

Norman swallowed for the second time. He took a small step forward, eyes locked on the hedgehog's immense gaze. "I...uh...I just....um...."

Sonic gave a small chuckle, when that was surprisingly light and free. "What's wrong?" he asked, his tone playful. "Hedgehog got your tongue?"

"N-no!" Norman stuttered out. "I-I...uh..."

"That's a shame," Sonic said, an amused smile tugging at his lips. "You look like you'd be fun to kiss." He looked up and down Norman's nearly nude form. A spark of interest flared up inside those incredible eyes. With a gesture that was far too casual for its implication, Sonic ran a hand over Prodigious Slut's massive belly as his gaze settled on Norman's flat abdomen. "Or maybe something more," he said, tongue swiping over his lips. Norman's stomach fluttered with nervous excitement.

"I'm...uh...I think I-I'm...supposed to be here...someone's asked for me." He wasn't quite sure how to explain it himself. He just knew it in the same way that he knew everyone's name. It was just...in his head - a truth that he was able to summon when it was needed, but otherwise didn't notice it.

The hedgehog raised an eyebrow. He looked oddly surprised. "Supposed to be here?" He frowned lightly, those emerald orbs flicking up in thought. "Let's see...I can't remember calling for someone." Tilting his head back until it was nearly upside-down, he peered toward the other side of the room. "Tails?"

"I'm looking into it." The higher-pitched, younger voice was surprising. Sonic had passively demanded so much of his attention that he hadn't even realized the wall of computers on the other half of the room. A small, brightly colored fox tapped away at an oversized keyboard. "I'm sure there's a reason. V.I.P's aren't handed out lightly." Norman reached up to trace the barcode on his neck. All the while, his eyes trailed the fox's body, focusing in on his twin tails before following them back to the base of his spine. Tails' was up out of his chair and leaning over his keyboard in such a way that stuck his hindquarters out for Norman's viewing pleasure. It was, in his humble opinion, the golden standard for what an ass *should be*. Those voluptuous cheeks looked both supple and firm, each mound so perky and plump. It looked like a work of art. And they hardly even needed to be spread. As is, Norman could practically see the glistening lube that slathered the young fox's puckered hole. It made his own dick throb as he watched Tails stand on his tip-toes to wiggle it over an excitable erection - one that was attached to a young, beefy blonde sitting in his chair.

"Shame though," Sonic commented. He looked disappointed that he couldn't enact his desires on Norman's body. But then the hedgehog's eyes flicked over to Slut4Blue, and a low heat burned inside his emerald eyes. "Oh well. I'll breed my sea prince tonight instead." The eager tongue-cleaner whined giddily at the statement. Sonic's mouth tugged into a lustful leer. "You'll look good with a baby in you." Even though they weren't directed towards Norman, the words still made him blush furiously. To casually do something like that to another's body - Sonic truly acted like spoiled royalty on a lewd throne.

"So what's up, Tails?" Sonic called back, tone rising into a tease. "Did you order another service top?"

Before answering, Tails slowly lowered that beautiful little ass down onto Naruto's cock, his hole spreading just enough to allow the engorged head to slip on through. The younger fox let out a blissful sigh as Naruto's hands moved to gently grab his hips and help guide the motion downward. Little by little, Tails sunk his plump behind further and further, swallowing up more and more of the thick shaft as he continued to rapidly tap along his keyboard. "No," Tails said, a sly little smile pulling at his lips. "Mine's still working. And he's pretty exemplary."

“Heh...Thanks, Tails.” The whisker-cheeked blonde spoke his gratitude through a soft, content smile. He looked fully satisfied at the chance to be this cute fox’s boy toy. Norman would be too. Just imagining that feeling of Tails’ walls squeezing down around him was enough to leave the boy flush and wanting.

“Oh! Here we go!” Tails chirped. He dropped his hips down fully in one graceful motion, his small belly growing a small bulge as the blonde’s cock pressed against it. Naruto hissed pleasurably at the action but didn’t make a single move to chase the blissful heat. He understood his role, and it wasn’t an active one unless Tails requested it. And the young fox seemed satisfied enough if the lolling tongue was anything to go by. “He...uh...hah!...He’s been requested by the *other* Admin.”

Sonic seemed to perk up at that. ‘Really?!’ he questioned, voice dripping with surprise. “He *actually* requested someone?!”

“Mhmm!” Tails replied, a little distracted, as he grinded down into Naruto’s lap. “S-seems like it.”

“About time!” Sonic chirped. It was easy enough to tell he was getting excited - the hedgehog had finally gripped Prodigious Slut’s hips to take an active role in fucking the boy silly. “I thought that grump would *never* claim someone.” And then, in a mutter, he tagged on, “He was always a work-a-holic.”

“Y-yeah.” Tails’ voice was breathy and distracted. After finding whatever information he had been searching for regarding Norman, the fox boy seemed far more interested in placing his small hands on the blonde’s knees and shimmying his cute little butt all up and down the pulsating erection. “Mmmff~!” He closed his bright blue eyes as his mouth fell into an open smile. With a pleased sigh, he slowly lifted his hips up and leaned over his keyboard to settle comfortably atop it. The blonde didn’t chase him - not until he was permitted. “Hey, N-Naruto? Can you...just make me go stupid again?”

With a chuckle, the young, hunky blonde pushed himself off the chair and slid his firm hands through the fur at Tails’ hips. “Sure thing,” he said, more than happy to comply. “I can fuck you silly, no problem.” With a slow, gentle motion, Naruto put his thick cock back to work to stretch the fox’s eager hole. “Want me to take control? Make you a begging mess?”

Tails seemed to exhale every ounce of tension as his body became a limp, fuzzy puddle. He was encompassed in total relaxation. “Yeah,” he said, breathless. “I want three of your loads, but I only wanna cum once. And tug my tails some.”

A content hum rumbled through Naruto’s throat as he leaned forward to nibble at the fox’s ear. His fingers twirled around the smaller’s furry appendages, entangling the two tails before trying out a gentle tug. Tails mewled, and Naruto grinned. “Yes, Mr. Prower.”

“Ignore them.” The sudden command broke Norman’s concentration on the scene. His face reddened as he pulled his hand away from his bulging crotch. Sonic seemed amused at his sheepishness. “Just head into the room behind us.”

After craning his neck to peek around the throne, Norman could just barely see the top of another doorway. With a quick nod, he was off, pacing around the two lewd scenes flanking either side of him with a reddened face. It felt like he was suddenly trespassing on something more intimate. Even more pressing, there was a sudden impatience that gnawed at his mind, infecting his thoughts and pushing him forward. It left Norman frowning. Regardless, it had its intended effect. When he finally reached the door, there wasn’t an ounce of hesitation.

Norman stepped on through.

It was like the air had suddenly become molasses. Norman felt like he was moving far too slowly, and yet his mind was simultaneously being filled far too quickly. Pieces of knowledge suddenly flooded his mind - like how the products he had seen had come from different worlds, how those worlds had been connected through Hamada's inter-dimensional technology, and how his patron had brought all of them here to serve their rightful purpose. It was like the introduction that he should have had from the start, one that slipped into his mind and tried to gently teach him. The sensation was invasive and powerful and laced with a surprising amount of care.

Stumbling forward, Norman suddenly felt two strong hands holding him steady. The sensation suddenly ended - or rather, it became subtle enough to no longer affect him. Pressing a hand to his head, Norman shook it clear of any remaining dizziness before looking up to see his rescuer.

His breath hitched.

The dark, mysterious jackal radiated with unfathomable depths of power. It practically overflowed from his body in a gentle stream, one that left his white dreadlocks constantly undulating in a non-existent breeze. An intensely focused eye, wreathed in red, peered down at him through a silver mask. It would have been intimidating if his posture hadn't been so calm and steady - firm enough for Norman to naturally lean into as he felt his knees weaken. If every other patron was desirable, then this man was divine.

Infinite gently helped the boy to his feet, carefully making sure to leave him steady. "Are you alright?" he asked, voice so deep and firm but soft in tone.

Norman went to nod his head, but gave a small wince. He reached up to caress where his scalp ached with a frown. "I...uh..."

"My apologies," Infinite said. With an immensely controlled motion, the jackal caressed the contour of Norman's chin and rubbed gentle circles into his cheek. "I thought it'd be best to simply grant you the knowledge without having to explain, but I see now that I may have been impatient."

Impatience. Norman had felt that from before too. Did it belong to Infinite? Was it his knowledge that let Norman know people's names while quenching his unneeded fears? Is that why he felt so trustworthy, because Infinite had already gifted the boy a small part of himself? Maybe. It was all just a little unclear, and it seemed to show on Norman's face. Many of his questions were stifled, but a few remained. "How can you...do that?"

"Grant knowledge?" Infinite asked. His hand lowered down to caress Norman's neck and trail gingerly down his arm. "The same way I was able to bring everyone here. My powers allow me to manipulate the virtual world and inject it into our objective existence. Put simply, I control reality itself." And it was as if the jackal could already see the lingering questions in Norman's mind, so he kept going. "After Hamada showed himself to Mobius and revealed the potential that humans from other dimensions could possess, many were quick to act. With Tails help, they were able to access nearly any dimension they desired. And then they came to me. Offered me the power of an Admin in their new dimension. In return, I created VR sets that could be sent out to any and all dimensions we desired. If a suitable specimen were to don one, then I used my power to bring them here - to serve and exist within The Hive."

Norman blanked, his eyes slowly trailing downward as the realization began to hit him. "Wait... this is...this is real?" The implications made him anxious, especially as he began to infer more and more of their consequences. "Then...I'm really here? This is a *real* place! Then...then Cuckslut was actually taken from me?! What about my home, or my family? I have to stay here?" His breathing was picking up - chest heaving with shallow inhales. "Wh-what if I want to see my friends again or go to school or see the outside world or-...?"

Infinite's response to the panic was immediate. Eager to calm him, the jackal whipped his hand through the air, throwing it behind him as the world seemed to tear at his will. The dull, dimly lit room vanished into one of the most gorgeous sights Norman's ever seen. A bright, full moon - bigger than he thought possible - hung in a starry night sky. Its pale light illuminated the soft, pink cherry blossoms that danced so gracefully in a gentle breeze. Infinite suspended the two high above the ground, and Norman could see the ethereal reflection of the peaceful lake below. Floating lanterns spilled warm, gentle light around them and revealed the bright green moss that grew on large, ornate stones.

It was breathtaking, and Infinite gently took his hands as that powerful gaze calmly met Norman's own. "Dipper isn't yours," he said, so gentle and soothing, "but I can give you the world. Any world. Whatever you'd like can be yours to have. You'd never want for anything, never desire more than I can give you."

The deep, rumbling tone was surprisingly tender. The promises whispered to him eased his fears. Norman couldn't understand it, but he felt so...at peace with Infinite in front of him. Feeling calmer, he slowly turned his head in awe as he gawked at the wonderful world around them. "Is this...real?"

"It's as real as anything I'll ever give you," Infinite replied. The jackal felt so steady - so trustworthy. Another hand pressed gently to Norman's neck, and he was embarrassed by how quickly he leaned into the touch. "You are mine, Norman Babcock. And I will pamper you into eternal bliss." With a swipe of the jackal's thumb, Norman's barcode suddenly vanished from his neck, dissolving into golden dust that was carried away into the wind. Soft, comfortable silks wrapped around Norman's body, and he looked down at the elegant, rich kimono that covered his form. Infinite's eye flicked down to view it himself. It was the one slip of control that he's seen so far, and it made Norman smile. Somehow, knowing that his body could test the patience of someone so powerful - well, it satisfied him in an odd way. He could see now why Cuckslut liked teasing him so much. Taking a page from his boyfriend's back, he slowly moved in closer and pulled one of Infinite's hands onto his hip with a soft smile. The jackal hummed his satisfaction at the action.

"Why me, though?" Norman asked, smile fading into a small frown. It was something that had been bothering him. He's seen so many attractive and beautiful boys today. If he were being honest, they were all far better looking than him. When it came to sex appeal, Norman was practically bankrupt. He just got lucky with Cuckslut. And now...well, he could barely believe that Infinite would take interest.

Sensing his discomfort, Infinite quickly pulled the boy in closer. His hand slid down to cup the curve of Norman's derriere through his kimono as his other gently held the boy's head to his furry chest. Norman felt himself relax against the gentle rise and fall of his chest. "You are more unique than any creature I have yet to see," Infinite said. "Your gift to see beyond the veil is one that I can not duplicate nor acquire. It is a world...beyond my reach." It felt difficult to admit. Regardless, it made Norman's chest flutter unexpectedly. Infinite...liked his gift? His ugly gift? "Beautiful," the jackal was quick to correct - as though he had read Norman's mind. It made the boy's face heat up. "I can not imagine anyone more fit to be my queen."

If Norman had been blushing before, he was completely scarlet now. The words summoned an embarrassed squeak from somewhere inside his chest. Infinite's hand squeezed down on his clothed cheek.

"Let me keep you."

It was a request and an order all wrapped together. Norman tried to summon some kind of argument, but everything fell short to how he felt in the moment. Nothing else seemed to matter. And somehow, it felt as though Infinite truly understood him, even if they had only just met.

Norman exhaled, surrendering all his worries to this peaceful world.

“Yes.”

End Notes

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